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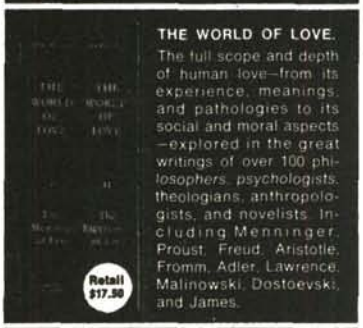

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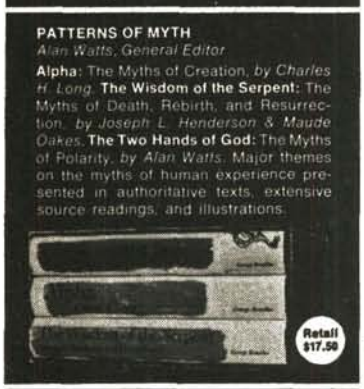

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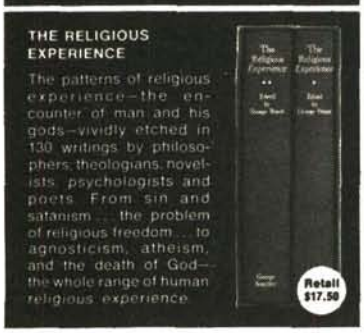

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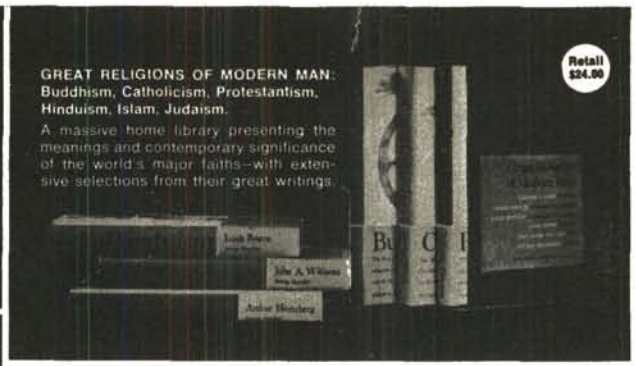

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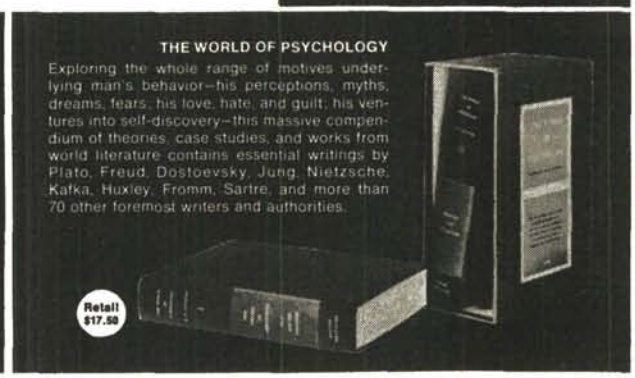

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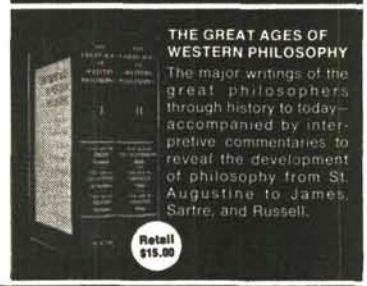

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

New Deal II

★ I don't think the public has grasped yet the social revolution going on now in Washington under Lyndon Johnson. Bills are passing, or being prepared, that would have seemed impossible two years ago. Some of us have dreamed about them for 40 years. Popular attention, naturally enough, is centered on Vietnam and Selma, Ala. But the social revolution is going on, anyway.

It can only be compared to the Roosevelt New Deal. In a sense it *is* the second half of the New Deal. The New Deal was interrupted by the Supreme Court, a balky Congress, and war. It was left unfinished for a quarter century. Now bills are becoming law, or are being readied (for almost certain passage) as important as the FDR programs.

Why isn't there more tumult and shouting? For one thing their passage seems inevitable. The Supreme Court is favorable. Conservatives are impotent. They tied their hands when they nominated the preposterous Goldwater. They were crushed, and it served them right. They threw their veto power down the well.

Lyndon Johnson, a rather unlovable President, has a two-to-one majority in both houses, unusual manipulative skill, and a drive for greatness. It seems almost impossible now that anything can stop the Second New Deal, short of war.

Johnson is readying the greatest school bill since the Morrill Act (land grant colleges). The precedent-shattering Medicare bill can only be discussed in superlatives. Fantastically enough, there is a tendency to expand it in the House committee. Republicans and the American Medical Association complained that Medicare "did not go far enough." Trying to kill the bill they offered an alternative – a voluntary insurance plan covering doctors' fees, drugs and similar services. What did the House Ways and Means Committee do? It added the AMA feature to its own bill. Will this pass? We don't know, but some bill will pass.

The Appalachia program became law last week. What the public doesn't understand is that this big measure creates the precedent for a new federal-state relationship. Almost certainly it will be applied to other areas. The federal government delegates its decision-making to the 11 state governors (working through a new regional commission) and the states and communities will do the planning and more or less run the show, subject to federal veto.

We can go right on. Bills are being prepared in orderly procession, like floats for a parade. The President sends up a housing and urban development proposal: true, the amount involved is relatively small, too small; but it contains a radical provision for direct federal rent payments to certain classes of disadvantaged citizens. FDR was denounced as a revolutionary, but we don't recall that he came up with that audacious plan. . . . A new civil rights bill is imminent; bills on crime, river and air pollution, high speed rail transportation and whatnot, are on the way.

The public just says ho-hum. With hardly a murmur it has accepted the technique of planned deficits. Who is that wailing out in the wings? Only a chap named Eisenhower; he seems to be all alone!

Foot in the Door

★ And now let us add another feature. Sums allotted to many of these Johnson programs are preposterously small for their ornate titles. The "War on Poverty" is a case in point. It suffers from acute malnutrition. But this must be said: the LBJ proposals will probably cost twice as much next year as this. They are precedents, a foot in the door, a camel's nose under the tent – in short, a first down payment on an installment purchase.

The Johnson Second New Deal is a "buy now, pay later" affair. We wondered at first that businessmen didn't object to it more. But after all, why should they? Buy now, pay later . . . they invented it.

In a spirit of nostalgia we went up to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week to see the launching of the latest $3.38 billion foreign aid bill. Such bills have been going up ever since 1946 or before. The annual wrangle is as typical of Washington as the cherry blossoms. Right away you could see that nobody loves foreign aid. It has no constituency.

It is a great big committee room with cork floors, waxed wood panels, dull bronze light sconces, elegant simplicity and bad acoustics. TV men have set up their lights. They reflect brilliantly from the curved crown of the Secretary's head. He makes his pitch in a relaxed way. Don't turn back from "frustration or fatigue," he says.

It is a kind of alumni reunion. They all know Rusk; he knows them. Physically he is not imposing. But he sticks to his points. Nobody ever gets mad at Rusk. In the question period he makes no great effort to reply or respond. He gesticulates negligently with the stem of his glasses, or touches them to his mouth.

Facing him is a horse-shoe dais of Senators: old antagonists. Chairman Fulbright wears dark glasses against the blinding lights, and looks like a hood. Sparkman (D, Ala.), genial, putting on weight, takes up the questions. Then the ranking Republican, Hickenlooper, Iowa – who ought to be holding a pitchfork in Grant Wood's "Gothic America" gives foreign aid a few isolationist kicks, but in the tone of one who knows the wrangle will probably go on for months, as it did last year.

The questioning wanders about. Clark (D, Penna.), wonders why we don't push birth control abroad. Lausche (D, Ohio), who has the pompadour of the elder LaFollette and the outlook of a Bricker, discusses tourists. Rusk keeps saying he will supply a memo on this or that.

From the sides of the lavishly inappropriate room, where reporters sit, Rusk's replies are often inaudible. Nobody knows how many hours, weeks, months Rusk will take on this, when he ought to be studying Vietnam.

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The Power to Protect

Just before entering a hospital on Sunday, March 7, with a possible skull fracture, John Lewis, chairman of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, said to a crowd of his fellow marchers in Selma: "I don't see how President Johnson can send troops to Vietnam – I don't see how he can send troops to the Congo – I don't see how he can send troops to Africa and can't send troops to Selma, Alabama."

The answer to this question is that after what happened that Sunday – and since he should have got wind of what might happen even before Sunday – President Johnson had full legal authority to send a company of military police or a force of federal marshals to Selma. He needed no congressional resolution to do so. If he preferred to negotiate in Alabama, to act with greater restraint than in Vietnam, his reasons had to do with political prudence, not law. The legal power is there in Title 10 of the United States code, Section 333, authorizing Presidential use of force against any "domestic violence, unlawful combination or conspiracy" which deprives "any part or class" of the people of a state of the equal protection of the law. This is not a statute that has to be read as if it were the small print in a deed. It confirms broad Presidential authority, aside from any legislation. The President need not have been persuaded that a couple of thousand people have a constitutional right to march 50 miles on a public highway, stopping all other traffic. Quite likely they do not have any such right. But they do have a right not to be brutalized by a sheriff's posse while kneeling in prayer, whether they are lawfully there or not. The "constituted authorities" of Alabama were "unable," did "fail," did "refuse to protect" – in the language of the statute – this and other rights of the Negroes of Selma, of their white sympathizers and of newspapermen. Enough incidents have accumulated over the past few weeks to put this beyond any doubt.

It is true enough that there should not be and there is not any federal police power or federal criminal process that can simply take over for an indefinite time the maintenance of decent public order in Selma and similar places in the South – or in Harlem or Detroit for that matter. But in a pitched crisis, or when a crisis threatens, there is ample federal power to apply force on an *ad hoc* basis in order to prevent or stop outrages that no civilized nation should tolerate.

On Tuesday the 9th – a day or more after a federal force should

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have arrived in Selma – United States District Judge Frank M. Johnson of Montgomery temporarily enjoined the Negroes from marching on the highway. He is one of the best and fairest federal judges in the South, but in this instance, as in almost identical circumstances four years ago at the time of the Freedom Rides, Judge Johnson overreached himself.

It can be flatly asserted that there is no legal basis for Judge Johnson's order. Not because there is a constitutional right to march, but because there is no federal law that forbids marching. Nevertheless, Dr. King was wise to observe this injunction, which holds only until the judge can decide whether to enjoin Governor Wallace from using force to stop the marching. (The Justice Department has joined in requesting him to do so.) Judge Johnson may well forbid only the use of excessive force, and there is no assurance that he would be any too scrupulously obeyed. Therefore, the need for a federal presence in Selma remains. Regardless of what Judge Johnson does, his Presidential namesake should act. The President's authority to do so is quite independent of any judicial decree.

Second Front

Chile's Christian Democrats

The lopsided victory of Eduardo Frei's Christian Democrats in last week's congressional elections in Chile is the most recent chapter in a remarkable success story. Beginning as a Catholic Action group some 30 years ago, the Christian Democrats formally entered politics in 1957, when their candidates got only 9 percent of the vote. Since then, campaigning against three strongly entrenched conservative parties and the most powerful Communist movement in the hemisphere, they have gone from one unexpected success to another: 16 percent of the vote in 1961, 22 percent in 1963, and a surprising 56 percent in last September's Presidential race. On March 7 they bettered their most optimistic predictions by sweeping all 12 contested Senate seats and getting a clear majority (82 out of 147) in the Chamber of Deputies – something that has not been achieved by any party in Chile for over a century.

Now that his party has a majority in the lower chamber, and good chances of a coalition in the Senate, Frei can begin to carry out the "revolution in freedom" he has promised. His opponents, however, retain great power: the Conservatives own the nation's businesses and the 2,800 *fundos* (large estates) that take up three-quarters of Chile's arable land; the Communists control the Chilean Labor Federation (CUTCH) and the unionized teachers, railroad workers, civil service and miners. Frei's ambitious plans to build low-cost homes, provide schools for the half-million children not at present attending, buy up the American companies, and settle 100,000 small farmers on land which must be expropriated and paid for, will be expensive. But half of Chile's $600-million annual foreign exchange earnings must go to service a huge foreign debt of $2.5 billion, the highest per capita in Latin America, and another $120 million has to be spent for food imports.

Above all, there is the dead weight of the old social order: a million urban slum dwellers; three million *iniquilinos* (sharecroppers) or *rotos* (broken ones) in a countryside where wages run from 30 to 80 cents a day and the horse has not yet replaced the slow ox-team in many places; an illiteracy rate which is officially 16 percent but actually much higher; an infant death rate of 127 per thousand, one of the highest in the world. The success of Christian Democratic reforms would have a significant impact elsewhere in Latin America, especially in countries like Peru, Venezuela and Brazil, where related parties are already powerful. Their failure would strengthen the Jacobin left and Fidel Castro, who declared, after Frei's victory last year: "This event proves that a peaceful revolution in Latin America cannot be achieved. . . . One must resort to other means [than elections], like terrorism."

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SELMA

"Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me 'Round"

Last Tuesday ended with a tall Negro girl in blue overalls crying softly as she walked back into town over the Alabama River bridge. A few minutes later, Dr. Martin Luther King told her, and 2,000 or so fellow marchers, that they had gained a great triumph. "This is the greatest demonstration for freedom, the greatest confrontation so far in the South," he said in those prophetic tones which orchestrate the civil rights movement. "We've been able to do something in Selma today that we've never been able to do before." But if it was triumph for him, it was close to defeat for the young girl, and for many of those who naïvely believed that they could march to Montgomery against the entreaties of President Johnson and the state troopers of Governor Wallace.

Dr. King came to Selma from Atlanta Monday night. Despite brave and encouraging statements, he was in the middle of a serious leadership crisis. His failure to lead the bloody march the day before did not go uncriticized in the militant camp. And there were militants galore in Selma: Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee teen-agers in jeans, eager clergymen in dog-collars, and a congregation of rope-end Selma Negroes who have been organizing for at least two years.

A "mass meeting" (are there meetings in Selma that are not "mass"?) started at Browns Chapel Methodist Church early in the evening. Before King finally appeared it was nearly midnight, and speaker after speaker had exhorted the crowd to action. The most rousing was James Bevel, a firebrand's firebrand in King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Bevel stood at the pulpit in overalls, his shaved head almost covered by a parti-colored West African *yarmulke*, and went over the familiar ground ("Harlem was created in Alabama") with some timely twists. He denounced President Johnson for overreacting in the Congo and Vietnam, and underreacting in Selma. "There are two million white savages here in Alabama," he cried. "Let's tell Johnson, don't play it cheap, 'cause if things get bad we'll walk to see him, too."

There was never any question that Bevel and the others were planning to march the next day, but King was far less certain. His speech was subdued (for him) and strangely personal. "The only way we can achieve freedom is to conquer the fear of death," he said. "Man dies when he refuses to stand up for what is right, for what is just, for what is true." He quoted Langston Hughes: "Life for me ain't been no crystal stair," and he gave the distinct impression that he was involved in some profound struggle with his conscience.

In fact, he had decided to postpone the march. During the day, his leadership group had sought an injunction in federal court prohibiting Wallace from interfering with the next day's plans. An immediate injunction was denied, but there would be a hearing later in the week. Under pressure from the federal government, King had informally agreed to go through with these legal procedures before setting out across the bridge again.

But what was happening in Selma all day and most of the night made inaction unthinkable. Scores of clergymen were hurrying into the city. The lobby of Atlanta's airport, where most of them changed planes for Montgomery, and the ride to Selma, looked like a session of the Ecumenical Council. Civil rights leaders outside the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, which were in charge of the Selma campaign, were joining the fight. When King saw the crowd at the church, he knew that it would be difficult to keep everyone off the bridge the following day. And yet, the meeting ended with the decision to march still unmade.

The confrontation between militants and moderates within the civil rights movement which went on in Selma for the next 12 hours made the confrontation between troopers and marchers look easy by comparison. James Foreman's SNCC workers, the coolest cats in town, roamed through the streets in radio cars, coordinating something or other, and generally looking determined. SNCC was all for marching: SCLC was divided. During the night, King realized he had to lead the march. No one could blame him for staying away Sunday – he would surely have been beaten, and perhaps killed – but he blamed himself. Tuesday's march would be a kind of absolution, and it would

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have the necessary effect of restoring some of the sagging confidence in his leadership.

But the decision was not without some sticky repercussions. Early the next morning, Federal Judge Frank Johnson turned King's petition for an injunction against the state into a prohibition against the march. Again, King went into that state of consultation and meditation which only ministers who are also revolutionists can enjoy. LeRoy Collins, the head of the Civil Rights Commission, and the Justice Department's John Doar, came to town to try to talk King out of marching (and to soften the county and state authorities, too). Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach practically set up a hot line between King's headquarters at the Torch Motel and the Justice Department in Washington.

What King may not have realized, however, in high agony, was that the decision in large measure was not his to make. It was being made by a lot of singing adolescents and smiling ministers at the church downtown. All morning they waited for the march to begin. The SNCC "freedom chorus" formed on the steps and sang loudly: "Ain't gonna let nobody turn me 'round, I'm gonna keep on walkin', keep on talkin', marching up to freedom land."

No matter what King did, they were going to march, and most of the ministers would, too. "We didn't come from all over the country just to stand around Selma," a young Episcopalian said. At one in the afternoon, King came up the street, walked into the church, and mounted the platform.

"I have no alternative today," he began. "It was a painful decision. There comes a time when a man must decide. I've made my choice this afternoon. I've got to march. I'd rather have them kill me on the highway than make them butcher me in my conscience." The audience cheered, naturally, but his anguish was somehow irrelevant. They knew all along that they would march; he alone doubted his will.

The Line of March

The lines formed on a playing field behind the parsonage. The volunteer doctors set up an emergency first-aid room in the Baptist Church across the street. Mario Savio and a dozen University of California activists pulled into town. SNCC marshals herded the marchers into order, mixing up the Negroes and the whites for the best effect. King, CORE's James Farmer, Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord, SNCC's James Foreman, and Catholic and Protestant clergymen linked arms and took the head of the column. Governor Collins pulled up in a white car, handed someone a note with a "suggested" line of march, and they were off, down Sylvan Street past rows of shabby Negro public housing, up Water Street to the Edmund Pettus Bridge over the Alabama River. The state's chief deputy federal marshal met them and read excerpts from the injunction; King answered politely that he would go ahead with what he considered the lawful exercise of his constitutional rights. The marshal insisted he would do nothing to enforce the order, nothing at all. He stepped aside, and the march started over the bridge.

Five hundred yards away a double line of state troopers stood across the road. The marchers approached them and stopped. Major John Cloud told them that they could not proceed. King asked if they might pray and sing; Cloud agreed.

If you have never heard 2,000 Negroes and whites sing "We Shall Overcome," hands joined and swaying in eight-abreast rows on US 80 just east of the Alabama River, there is little that can be said to convey the experience. Civil rights demonstrations are now so old hat that hardly anyone not actually participating feels the essential drama. But for about 10 minutes, the incredibly complex, overplanned, overreported, and certainly unresolved Selma voting rights campaign was invested with a kind of profound passion that the world of pseudo-events rarely sees. Then it was over. Like characters in a play, King and Cloud spoke their lines and went through their motions. If it was not rehearsed, it could have been. Passion fled the scene; they were all mechanical men filling their inevitable roles. The troopers stood aside, and the leaders of the long column motioned for their followers to turn back across the river.

Back at the church, there were self-congratulatory but somewhat defensive speeches, many thanks, and appeals for unity ("Division is the favorite trick of Mr. Charlie," said Farmer). "We decided we had to stand up and confront the state troopers who committed the brutality Sunday," said King. "We did march and we did reach the point of the brutality and we had a prayer service and a freedom rally. And we will go to Montgomery next week in numbers that no man can number."

No one could say after Tuesday's march whether a column would ever get through to Montgomery, 50 miles away. But the purpose of the whole campaign – to convince the federal government of the need for voting rights legislation – had already been accomplished. Sunday's violence, as some of the militants like to say, "brought hostility to the surface," and summoned anti-segregation counter-pressure outside the South. Tuesday's march rallied the disarrayed demonstrators and added the really stunning force of the white clergy; the spontaneous response in a matter of hours to the appeal for help – San Francisco's Bishop James Pike chartered a plane and arrived as

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the march was ending – was the most impressive part of the demonstration. Together, the two unsuccessful attempts to get down yonder on Route 80 will probably provide the impetus to get a voting bill through Congress.

Selma's Sheriff Jim Clark can take much of the credit for the bill – not as much, perhaps, as "Bull" Connor takes for passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, but a fair-sized piece nonetheless. Like Birmingham, Selma will have consequences far beyond its borders. For one, it has shaken the civil rights leaders and they have settled into a far more militant alignment. SNCC is now much more than a *kamikaze* squad; it has a position of power in "the movement." For another, it set Negroes to criticize the Johnson Administration, which is no longer a trusted ally.

Ironically, the Negroes of Selma may gain the least from their sufferings. This is too tough a town to have an easy change of heart. It will take a lot of Negro voters to upset Sheriff Clark, or even to convince him of their political power. In the meantime, the Negroes of Selma will have to wait for their freedom. "What do you want?" SCLC's Rev. Ralph Abernathy called to the dispirited marchers on their way back across the bridge. He got the usual liturgical response, "Freedom."

"And when do you want it?" he called. Most of the marchers, on cue, shouted back, "Now." But a few, who were clearly youngsters from Selma, were crying, and they answered, "Next year."

Andrew Kopkind

The Middle East: Temperature Rising

by Robert Debs Heinl, Jr.

Half obscured by thunder-clouds over Southeast Asia, storm signals for the Middle East are set and flying. War, undeclared to be sure, is erupting between Syria and Israel, with Jordan and Lebanon likely to become involved. By welcoming East Germany's dictator, Herr Ulbricht, as a chief of state, Nasser last month tipped a very precarious diplomatic balance. Bonn has now retaliated by canceling aid to Egypt and offering to recognize Israel. These events, coupled with the sale to Israel less than two years ago of *Hawk* anti-aircraft missiles and the transfer, via West Germany, of some 150 modern US Army M-48's, mark the end of American hopes that arms levels in the Mideast can be kept in balance.

According to the Israeli government, more than 1,250 of its citizens were killed by Arab infiltrators between 1949-1959. Since mid-November, the 600-mile frontier that divides – but never joins – Israel and its Arab enemies has seen over 40 border military clashes between Israeli and Syrian or Jordanian troops and aircraft. While some of these have involved no more than exchanges of small-arms fire, others, such as all-out Syrian attacks on Kibbutz Dan last November 13, are battles by any ordinary definition. The affair at Dan, and some of its more recent successors in Upper Galilee and Jerusalem, are described by UNEF, the UN peace-keeping force, as the worst since 1958.

While the rise of Arab nationalism antedates Communism in the Middle East, Russia has been having considerable success undermining Arab moderates, inflaming Arab grievances, egging on Arab extremists, and arming Arab revolutionary regimes. In every conflict between Western influence and Pan-Arabism, Russia has stood behind the Arabs, for the systematic eradication of Western influence in the Middle East is an objective which Russians and Arab nationalists share. This being so, it is idle to characterize such nations as Syria or Egypt as "neutral" or "uncommitted."

While Nasser dismisses American aid to his country – about a billion dollars in technical and economic assistance since the end of World War II – as "wheat, meat, and leftovers," US contributions have in fact released Egyptian funds for direct military expenditures; no small gift when Nasser is having to sell gold reserves in order to finance his Yemen and Central African military operations. (Now the US is going to send food to the royalists who are fighting Nasser's troops in Yemen.) Of 23 non-Communist countries receiving Soviet aid, Egypt shares first place with Indonesia. Since 1956, Russia has been providing Egypt with about $65 million a year in modern arms. Nasser

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"I must have intimidated them. They don't answer."

spends something like 35 percent of the UAR annual budget for weapons, much of it going to underwrite the rocket program being developed in Egypt by ex-Nazi scientists. Syria, recipient of generous Russian military aid including MIG-21's and new T-54 tanks, is estimated to put 56 percent of her budget into arms.

At the moment, Nasser has some 40,000 Egyptian soldiers fighting in Yemen. This is not only a power grab but seems motivated by the intriguing possibility that from the Yemen an Arab blockade of Israel's Red Sea port, Eilat, may be feasible, being beyond the reach of the Israeli air force. The Yemen campaign also provides hard training for Egyptian troops and if it drags to an end, these troops become available for deployment elsewhere – at the very time when Israel is under Syrian and Jordanian pressure in the North. That this situation tempts Nasser is suggested by the recent heightening of Egyptian air incursions over Israel's Negev area, where a large nuclear reactor is now being built.

The refugee issue is usually the lead item in any Arab bill of particulars against Israel. In the bitter fighting of 1948, some 800,000 Palestine Arabs fled their villages and have never been allowed back; nor, in the main, have they been compensated for property losses which Israeli sources estimate at $100 million and the Arabs at about a billion dollars. When Israel's Foreign Minister proposed in 1963 that the refugee issue be negotiated as a humanitarian matter, separated from other outstanding Arab-Israeli differences, the offer was rejected. Nevertheless, it is hard to answer the question posed not long ago by the Jordanian newspaper, *Falastin:* "What would your attitude be if you lost your home, your source of livelihood, your ancestral heritage, your birthplace, the scene of your youth, songs and childhood dreams, the land where you wish to be interred?"

The Israelis reply that while they are prepared to work out fair compensation, Arab refugees will never be allowed back; that the security problem posed by a sizable Arab minority, especially in frontier areas, would be intolerable; that Israel cannot become another Cyprus with two hostile peoples under one roof. In the view of some diplomatic observers, however, Israel, which has herself collected substantial reparations for German injuries to the Jewish people, could and should take a stronger initiative to receive and settle just claims.

Then there is the water controversy. Every Jew who reads his scriptures knows that the historic Eastern frontier of Israel is the River Jordan. The deep Jordanian enclave West of the river – like the Egyptian salient of coastal Gaza – is a standing temptation to Israel. Like most of the Middle East, Palestine suffers from a serious water deficit. Despite bitter Arab opposition – as well as a 1952 Security Council veto of the project by Russia – Israel has begun pumping Jordan-Yarmuk water from the Sea of Galilee to permit irrigation of the Negev Desert in the South. Syria and Jordan claim that this deprives them of essential water, that it will salt up 30,000 farms now under irrigation, and that the Dead Sea water level will be inacceptably lowered. They have announced plans (and are now actually digging) to dam the Jordan's three sources – the Baniyas, the Hasbani and Wazzani Rivers. Under the muzzles of Syria's Russian guns and tanks, and pressured internally by Nasser's Arab Nationalist Movement with headquarters in Beirut, the Lebanese have promised to let the Syrians build and garrison a pumping station on the Wazzani, two miles short of the Israeli border.

The Israelis say that if the Arab pumping stations and dams go into operation, they will be dive-bombed. They point out that the volume of water they themselves are taking for the Negev is well within Israel's 40 percent share of Jordan water, as allocated in the master regional water plan worked out by an impartial mediator, the late Eric Johnston. (Although accepted at working levels by Syrian and Jordanian representatives, the Johnston Plan was shelved in 1955 by the

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Arabs.) The Galilee's water meanwhile flows toward the Negev; shooting goes on; Israeli *kibbutzniks* near the frontier do their plowing with armored sniper-shields on their tractors and keep their wives and children close by shelter trenches and bunkers. How long it will be before the Israeli defense forces hit back hard remains to be seen. When interviewed March 7 on *Meet the Press*, the Israeli Deputy Premier, Abba Eban, underscored that Jordan-Yarmuk water is one of Israel's top three vital interests.

The political (though hardly the military) history of the Arab-Israel conflict has been that of irresistible Jewish force versus immovable Arab object. But as Governor Averell Harriman's hasty trip to the Middle East the end of last month suggests, we cannot afford to allow Israel's border wars to remain a continuing threat to world peace. In my judgment, a text for American policy-makers can be found in Mr. Eban's remark: "The beginning of wisdom in the Middle East is for other governments not to allow their policies to be determined for them by the Arab governments." This advice has no more pointed application than to the recent hassle between the Administration and Congress over whether we should deliver some $37 million of PL 480 surplus food to Egypt. Against the glare of burning US Information Libraries in Egypt, one may be permitted to doubt whether such US aid has a "moderating" or "restraining" effect. What restrains Nasser is not our wheat, but the fact that the Communists prefer revolutionary ferment to formal hostilities in the Middle East. A sensible step for President Johnson would be to exercise his option of cutting off US aid, thus singling out the key Arab delinquent.

Having taken a hard line toward Nasser, we should systematically work to fragment the Pan-Arab front by supporting smaller, less aggressive Arab states like Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Lebanon, Yemen and Kuwait. We should strengthen the American presence in the Middle East by establishing promptly an Indian Ocean Fleet, complementary to our respected Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. If ultimately necessary, we should lead the Western powers in a boycott of Arab oil, in order to show the Arabs that they need Western markets more than Europe needs Mideast oil. Finally, if we must – and we will soon know – we should arm Israel. In pursuing this line of action, we should resist threats of further intervention or any nuclear blackmail by Russia.

Rapprochement between Israel and Jordan should have top priority; if it can be brought about tensions would relax along about 300 miles (or half) of Israel's vexed frontier, as well as making excellent politico-economic sense for both countries. Before taking up issues like the refugee question or the reopening of the Haifa oil pipeline, a more modest agreement on tourism, of obvious common interest, might be negotiated.

Meanwhile, at Almagor, a rocky frontier hill which overlooks the Jordan's entry into the Sea of Galilee – in effect the military faucet of Israel's Negev irrigation system – riflemen of an Israeli *nahal* cover a Jordan River ford below and scan the Syrian escarpment across the river for signs of activity. They mean business and so does the government they represent. With the sea at its back, Israel has no place to retreat.

Snooping Through the Mails

by James Ridgeway

This week, Mr. John Gronouski, the Postmaster General, promises to destroy Post Office lists of people who receive so-called "Communist political propaganda" mailed them from abroad.

During the 1950's these files were routinely turned over to the House Committee on Un-American Activities, where they became an instrument for harassing people who desired to read Shakespeare in Russian or books on Soviet progress in controlling rodents.

Mr. Gronouski insists this practice was ended with the election of John F. Kennedy, but suspicions continue that the lists are shown around. (Civil Service Commission investigators, for instance, want to know why certain university students, applying for government jobs, should be receiving magazines published in Communist China.)

Under the censorship law, the Customs Bureau reads material (it lets alone first-class mail) coming from Communist countries, and decides whether it is Communist political propaganda. That is defined as any expression intended to "prevail upon, indoctrinate, convert, induce or in any other way influence a recipi-

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ent or any section of the public within the United States with reference to the political or public interests, policies, or relations of a government of a foreign country or a foreign political party or with reference to the foreign policies of the United States or promote in the United States racial, religious or social dissensions. . . ." Quite a bit in the *Congressional Record* would fall within the scope.

Cunningham's Victory

The Customs then passes along the items of political propaganda to the Post Office, which sends out post cards asking the addressees whether they want to receive the material; if the answer is yes, the mail is sent on; if not, it is destroyed. A good deal of the mail consists of periodicals, and to save time and bother the Post Office in the past has kept a file of people who are steady recipients, so it won't constantly have to send out post cards. Mail addressed to government agencies, certain educational institutions and mail governed by cultural exchange agreements is excepted from the law. (There was an unfortunate situation some years ago when the US Army Language School at Monterey, Calif., ordered English-Russian dictionaries through a local book dealer. They never came, and it turned out the Customs inspectors had destroyed the shipment.)

The propaganda seizure program goes back to a 1940 opinion of the Attorney General and was carried on with feverish excitement in the 1950's. But as scholars, book dealers and libraries protested, the postal and customs people trimmed sails. In 1960, the planning board of the National Security Council recommended the operation be stopped; and about a year later President Kennedy formally abandoned it. At the time, he said the program served no useful intelligence function but had hindered efforts to improve cultural ties with Communist countries. The matter did not end here, however, for Glenn C. Cunningham, a little-known Republican congressman from Nebraska, punctured the Kennedy congressional defenses and got a bill, restoring the program, attached as a rider to the postal rate bill. Testifying in 1962 against the proposal, Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, then Deputy Attorney General, declared: "It is highly probable that all newspapers and magazines of general circulation published in Communist-bloc countries would fall within this definition [of Communist political propaganda]. It might also cover newspapers in neutral or friendly countries which take a position on any particular question consistent with the position taken by a Communist country. It might even cover publications in which statements from Communist sources are reprinted for their news value. . . . The possibilities for arbitrary application in interpretation of this standard are obvious."

Privately, Mr. Katzenbach said the Administration had little choice but to go along with Cunningham. (The Administration badly wanted the postal rate bill; and with an election soon coming up, it did not care to make a point of asking members of Congress to vote against the amendment, since their positions might be construed back home as some sort of a vote for Communism.) The amendment passed. Mr. Katzenbach looked to the day when the matter would be solved once and for all in the courts.

In practice, the Cunningham amendment has turned out to be about as ridiculous as expected. One of the congressman's stated desires was to assure that taxpayers would not be burdened with the cost of transmitting through the mails unwanted propaganda from abroad. Actually the program costs half a million dollars annually to run, a good deal more than it would cost to send the mail on without inspecting it. Anyway, there is little of it. Between 1962 and 1964, Customs stopped 83 million pieces of mail. Thirty-five million were addressed to exempt organizations and were sent on; of the remaining 48 million pieces, carefully culled by customs inspectors, 44 million were judged not to be propaganda; four million were turned over to the Post Office for processing. Looked at another way, in one 18-month period, of 62 million pieces of mail that came through Customs, only 25,000 were eventually withheld because addressees said they didn't want them. Under other laws these people can always write their postmasters asking that propaganda not be sent them.

Through the years the American Civil Liberties Union has brought a number of cases challenging the constitutionality of this program; and in November of last year a panel of three federal judges found the law unconstitutional because it inhibited the spread of ideas and was a "clear and direct invasion of First Amendment territory." The ACLU had brought this case in San Francisco on behalf of Leif Heilberg, a toolmaker from Denmark, who wanted to get hold of a Chinese pamphlet written in Esperanto, a language he knew. Yet he was afraid his name would go on a list of those who are sent Communist propaganda and that this might be used against him in his efforts to become an American citizen.

The government appealed, and recently the Supreme Court agreed to hear the Heilberg case along with another similar one. In effect, at long last the stage was set for a clear show-down on the program's constitutionality. It was then, *after* the Court agreed to take up the matter, that Gronouski announced the lists would be abolished. In no time at all, Mr. Archibald Cox, the Solicitor General, was off to the Supreme Court with a

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memorandum notifying it of the Postmaster General's action. While the government would not lightly alter the status quo in a matter pending before the Court, the memorandum said, considerations of policy were judged sufficiently urgent to require the immediate elimination of what might be regarded as a file of names of persons interested in Communist political propaganda and were sufficiently persuasive to outweigh any embarrassment inherent in changing existing conditions. The abolition of the lists would make the alleged inhibiting effect of the statute on First Amendment rights far less severe than it was under former procedure. And while the government was quite prepared to argue the matter without delay, should the Court feel it more appropriate to remand the cases to district courts for consideration, all necessary steps to expedite such a disposition would be undertaken.

It may be unkind to suggest that Mr. Gronouski's purpose in changing policy was slightly devious, but had he wanted to protect the names of individuals receiving Communist political propaganda, he might earlier have issued orders to regard these names as confidential. He did not do so. As a practical matter, destruction of the lists will make the program more confused, and possibly a good deal more costly, for now people will have to fill out a post card each time suspect mail comes through Customs from a Communist country. Moreover, since the Customs and Post Office employees who are concerned with this operation work in combined units at nine points of entry scattered about the country, it is quite possible for the Customs officials to make up their own lists. After all, it has been Mr. Irving Fishman, an assistant deputy commissioner in charge of the program in Customs, who in the past has taken such a passionate interest in Communist literature. Several years ago he accompanied the House Un-American Activities Committee on a series of hearings around the country that were dubbed, "The Irving Fishman Road Show." He produced for all to see piles of inflammatory material that was flooding the country from Red printing presses.

Thus we are left with the impression that Mr. Gronouski's supposedly enlightened move is a tool to undercut a case that could well be decided against the government in the Supreme Court. By doing so, it squirms away from a confrontation which all along it has professed to welcome.

"I Hadda Shoot"

The Cop as Victim of a Victim

by Murray Kempton

Before long, New York will construct its own College of Police Science, the equal of all its other municipal colleges, and the crown of Police Commissioner Michael J. Murphy's dream of a force of professional police. But we live in a time when the professions expand and the crafts decline. No invocation to science seems to alter our basic problem, which is not the brute cop or the rogue cop but the dumb cop.

A suffering instance of that problem is Detective John Devlin whose troubles have brought him to judgment before his police commissioner for "excessive use of force" against the wrong prisoner. Devlin is 32 years old, a former Marine, an occasional student of his science at Brooklyn College and altogether the sort of young policeman for whose refinement Commissioner Murphy's college would seem designed.

Last September Devlin came upon a slight young man named Gregory Cruz, and confused him with the prime suspect in a Chinatown murder. There was a struggle; Cruz broke away; Devlin endured an unnerving chase; he found his man at length subdued and passive in the grip of a night watchman, claimed him, took him outside, found himself in another struggle and, at last, in simple desperation, shot his tormenter three times.

The early news accounts of this event faithfully followed the police version; the language of one afternoon journal had its familiar tone: "Battered nearly

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unconscious by a murder suspect, a detective pumped three bullets into his fleeing attacker last night."

It was three days before the police department discovered that Gregory Cruz had been the wrong suspect. By then he was recovering from the first of three operations which seem likely to leave him permanently depleted. He was an exemplary young man, with no prior experience with policemen, a condition rare among inhabitants of the Alfred E. Smith Houses, the Lower East Side project where his confrontation with Devlin had occurred.

He confessed that he had resisted Devlin and run. His contention was that he had thought Devlin was a sex maniac. Cruz was, in fact, uniquely innocent for his environment. There is some dispute as to whether Devlin identified himself to Cruz as a police detective when he opened their conversation; but there is almost no reason to believe that, under ordinary circumstances, he would have had to. Every private citizen who was a witness to their first encounter indicated an immediate assumption that Devlin must be a policeman. When Cruz first broke loose and fled, Devlin fired a warning shot above him; a bystander came running up and asked what had happened and got the immediate reply that some cop was shooting at a boy. It is a melancholy fact of municipal socialism that, when a large white mainlander begins working over a Puerto Rican on the Robert F. Wagner, Sr. Concourse in the Alfred E. Smith public houses, the normal assumption of those watching is that this is police business.

"I suppose," said one policeman later, "that Gregory Cruz was the only kid in the project who had never been hauled down to the precinct and couldn't recognize a cop when he saw one."

The grand jury which investigated Cruz's case returned no indictment against Devlin; civilians yield to policemen the option to decide when they need to use their weapons and when they do not. But the police department must have begun to wonder about that option; it suspended Devlin a week after Cruz was shot; last month it brought him to trial in the most earnest effort the department has yet made to police itself.

Cruz was a witness. His main force was in his presence. He could never, in the best of health, have weighed more than 140 pounds and Devlin is a fleshly 180. The sight of him made it implausible that a trained policeman would need bullets to subdue a resistant with this slight a frame. Cruz confessed that he had pushed Devlin away; but it was hard to believe, looking at them in the same room, that Devlin could be correct in his recollection that Cruz had knocked him down three times with his fist.

Police Mandarin

Devlin himself was the main witness in his own defense. He had been waiting six months to explain to the policemen who would be his only judges; he was full of the theory and the tactics which had brought him trouble. He began, of course, in the arcane language of the professional, a kind of police Mandarin, which aims at precision while never achieving clarity.

He had been investigating not a murder, as you might expect, but "a mugging which resulted in a homicide." He had "ascertained" that the prime suspect was a Carlos; "other information developed that the perpetrator also used the name Junior." "A source" had told him that Carlos could be found in the Alfred E. Smith project. Devlin at once alerted Police Lt. Charles Dauner, his commander, and together with two other detectives they took a car and drove to the Smith houses.

"There I saw my source and I gave him a frisk for show." While he was indulging this ritual to protect his source's good name in the neighborhood, his source suddenly said, "There's Carlos now," and Devlin looked back to see a thin young man in a light jacket retreat back into a building.

"So I got rid of my source and said 'Let's go, Loot'." The more experienced lieutenant replied, "No, let's not lose him; you take the rear; I'll take this side and we'll wait for him to come out."

To get to the rear as his commander had ordered, Devlin explained, "I retraced my original path toward the west; I turned to the parking lot and walked east; I turned back west and, when I got to the area, I turned and looked around." It seemed natural to ask why he had chosen to take the longest distance between two points; and Devlin answered, in the tone used for backward social betters: "If I went to the spot directly, everybody would see me. I tried to make it appear that I was leaving the project entirely."

He had defined the difference between police work as a craft and as a science. Being a scientist, he had a

COMING: *John Osborne writes from experience about the high price of borrowing*

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maneuver which would give Carlos a clear three minutes to use the rear exit. It must in fact have been at least five minutes after his first sight of Carlos when this young scientist was still moving, unobtrusive but recognized at once by every passerby from place to place, "trying to pick a spot where I could get a clear vision" and the unfortunate Cruz happened along from quite the wrong direction and Devlin said to himself "My God, that's the fellow," which it wasn't.

"I continued," he explained, "to make observations on him as he approached." At this point, his defense attorney lost patience with police Mandarin. "What you mean is," he smiled, "that you looked at him." Devlin conceded that he had indeed looked at Cruz; at length, he said, "Hey" and went over to question him.

He did not frisk Cruz, because, when a scientist frisks a suspect, "I do it in such a way as to protect myself; I keep one arm in the vicinity of the back near the waist and always have him facing away; I never had the opportunity." When a man has been taught the Japanese tea ceremony, you cannot fairly ask him to skimp on the bows. At length, to protect himself, Devlin moved Cruz over to a fence and "walked in real tight, so he couldn't go any place." This device had, he recited, three purposes: "to prevent an exit, to protect myself and to further the investigation." He was relaxing for the last time in the comfort of the formulas taught in civil service schools to policemen learning the rote of promotion. The rote had served him badly in all three areas; most witnesses remember that Cruz gave him a shove that pushed him back far enough to give Cruz a chance to run away. Devlin remembers only a blow which drove all rote from his head.

"I felt a tremendous blow on my head . . . like a giant firecracker. . . like the world had exploded." And in the recollection of that moment, the protective coloration of police Mandarin washed away and there was only the cry of self-pity:

"It was very dreamlike . . . everything just seemed to float around. . . . I fired the shots at him. I remember my efforts to run after him. It seemed so funny that I had to do so many things at once. How are you going to get a shield on without a breast pocket? I hadda reload my gun. I hadda chase the man. I was really reeling. I don't know how you do all these things at one time."

Cruz ran at last to the lobby of the *New York Journal-American*, where he was at once pacified by Lewis E. Webb, a Burns detective agency guard.

"I had judo in the army," Webb said, "I took him by the arm. In the position I had him in, he couldn't do nothing. He didn't even try."

Poor Devlin came panting up to find his suspect "wrestling with this guard. I said something to the effect 'thanks, fellow'."

He took possession of Cruz and conveyed him to the street and put him against a car to search him with proper fidelity to the appointed ceremony.

"He started wrestling. He was like a wild man. He broke free of me. It seemed like somebody jerked him out of my hand. I remember thinking, 'Oh, my God, I'm going to have to chase him again.' But he kept coming on me. I tried to back up and I caught a shot in my upper head. I knew I hadda shoot because I was going out and I fired. I stopped him. That was my purpose. I don't care what he said. I stopped that fellow from attacking me. I was deathly afraid that I was going to be a victim of him with my own gun and I didn't want it because I got a family."

And then large Jack Devlin's eyes began to water and he said, "Excuse me" and commenced to cry. Suddenly it made very little difference that his memory was at variance with the physical proportions and with the recollection of every other witness. He really believed that he had been murderously beaten by a slight young man 40 pounds lighter than he.

Heard Six Shots

Police Commissioner Murphy has been very slow in determining his final judgment on Devlin. That is understandable. He must think of more than Devlin. There is, for instance, the performance of Lieutenant Dauner, the leader of this lost patrol. Dauner sent Devlin on his errant course; a little while thereafter, Dauner heard six shots and sped to their scene. He was unable to make the slightest contact with any of its principals until he finally located Cruz and Devlin at Bellevue Hospital, at least one-half hour after the disaster. These particular professional policemen are as much cops as a graduate student in public administration is a politician. We shall never know now how many young men less innocent than Cruz have also been shot from simple dumbness.

But worse than dumbness, here is a policeman who in the true center of his being has every fear and resentment that belongs to any oppressed minority in a city of oppressed minorities. While nobody noticed, Devlin had been broken by the loneliness of his beat; he could no more contend with a smaller man than he could have with a monster; fear and self-pity had rendered him useless. He had learned the form and lost the reality.

It was understandable that Commissioner Murphy had taken so long to render a judgment. The dream of the professional policeman is offended by the deviant brute; but it is destroyed by something more typical, the executioner who weeps because he honestly feels himself the victim.

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JULES FEIFFER

YOU SEE, EVERYBODY'S MIXED UP. EVERYBODY THINKS IT'S AN ASIAN PROBLEM.
IT'S NOT? VIETNAM'S NOT AN ASIAN PROBLEM.
OBVIOUSLY! VIETNAM IS AN AMERICAN PROBLEM. THE AMERICAN PEOPLE SIMPLY HAVE TO BE TAUGHT THAT IT'S O.K. TO LOSE.
LOSE?
I MEAN THAT IT'S O.K. TO OUTNUMBER THE ENEMY AND STILL HAVE THEM BEAT US.
OOG!
I MEAN THAT IT'S O.K. TO HAVE THEM GET MOST OF THEIR EQUIPMENT BY CAPTURING IT FROM OUR SIDE.
OOF!
THAT IT'S O.K. FOR THE PEASANTS TO BE ON THEIR SIDE, NOT OURS. SOMETIMES IT JUST HAPPENS THAT WAY.
GAH!
THE THING WE HAVE TO LEARN IS THAT SOMETIMES THE ONLY WAY TO WIN IN THE END, IS TO LOSE! HOW ARE PEOPLE EVER GOING TO WANT TO OVERTHROW THE COMMUNISTS UNLESS WE LET THEM TAKE POWER?
AFTER ALL, ISN'T THAT WHEN THEY ALWAYS WANT TO OVERTHROW US?
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2-7

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Saeva Indignatio on the Rhine

by Frank J. Warnke

Most of our journalistic reviewers, confronted with Heinrich Böll's new novel, have whipped out their assembly-line platitudes about German guilt and the heritage of Nazism, and have, in short, done their best to turn it into a piece of gimcrack documentary. But *The Clown* is a work of art, and, as such, it is a book which, instead of making us comfortable because we aren't Germans, makes us uncomfortable because we are human beings. "Its horrors," to place Poe's famous remark in a context the poet never intended, "are not of Germany but of the soul."

The Clown
by Heinrich Böll
(McGraw-Hill; $5)

It is wrong-headed to read *The Clown* as a simple condemnation of German national character, or to find in its wistful hero that mythical figure so dear to our own uneasy sense of virtue – the Good German Intellectual castigating his vicious and hypocritical countrymen. Vice and hypocrisy are the subjects of the book, satiric castigation is its mode, and the twilight of the Nazi era sounds a sinister groundbass in the memory of the narrator-protagonist, but neither ex-Nazis nor neo-Nazis are conspicuous in the contemporary Rhineland of the clown Hans Schnier. Drinking excessively and in a decline because his Catholic mistress has left him to marry a prominent Catholic layman, he telephones the entire range of his acquaintance in Bonn – ostensibly to borrow money and to locate Marie, but actually to operate as a kind of scourge of villainy, to force his interlocutors to come to an awareness of their true selves and thus to measure those selves against the clear moral imperatives which, the novel implies, only a clown can fully perceive.

A clean record in the bad old days is no guarantee of moral purity, although two of the least savory figures in Böll's gallery were passionate followers of the Führer. The execrable Herbert Kalick, one-time Hitler Youth leader who had menaced the child Hans in the closing days of the war, has become a sentimental democrat, fond of talking about "Jewish spirituality," but the truly appalling thing is that his conversion is perfectly sincere: he is, as Schnier observes, "a born conformist." And Schnier's unspeakable mother, a fervent *Blut und Boden* patriot in the old days, is now active in the "Executive Committee of the Societies for the Reconciliation of Racial Differences." But other characters, with less compromised political pasts, come under as severe attack from the clown, to whom the facile doctrine of collective guilt is quite meaningless. (At one point in his failing fortunes he thinks wryly: "I would go to America and lecture to women's clubs as a living example of the remorse of German youth. The only thing was, I had nothing to be remorseful about, nothing whatever, and so I would have to pretend remorse.") Individual guilt, his experience with the virtuous pillars of society would suggest, is quite sufficient to make recourse to abstractions unnecessary.

Catholics, along with capitalists, come in for a major share of abuse, but the book is, paradoxically, profoundly Catholic in its values. (Its epigraph – from *Romans*, XV: 21 – suggests that the unbelieving hero belongs to the mind of the Church, and the late Pope John operates in Schnier's mind as a recurrent figure of the just man.) And if Böll's anti-capitalism remains unequivocal, a few succinct anecdotes show that he has even less faith in Communist society. In 1795 Schiller observed that the "modern" writer, with his self-conscious awareness of the gulf between the ideal and the actual, inevitably would tend to embrace one of three literary modes – the satiric, the elegiac, or the idyllic. His formulation has proved a prophetic one, at least in German letters, and *The Clown* may best be approached, it seems to me, as a traditional satire, a work in which man's aspiration toward a prosperous and generous society is placed against the reality of human meanness, in which the spirit of Christianity is contrasted with the murderous letter evoked by its official representatives, such as the men who have persuaded Marie to leave him.

Many features of this work identify it as belonging to the satiric mode. The most obvious feature is the protagonist's fondness for epigrammatic aperçus – "An artist always carries death with him, like a good priest his breviary," or "Rich people have far more given to them than poor people, and what they do have to buy they generally get cheaper." But other, more profoundly central traits of the satirist's art are also present (one might note the discussion of some of these traits in such studies as Northrop Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism* or Alvin Kernan's *The Cankered Muse*). There is, to begin with, the very range and inclusiveness of the protagonist's attack – wherever he looks he sees venality and hypocrisy; society offers no compensatory vision at all. There is, further, the motif of the violation of the earth: Schnier's capitalist family has made its fortune in connection with the mining interests of the Ruhr. There is also that reflexive movement

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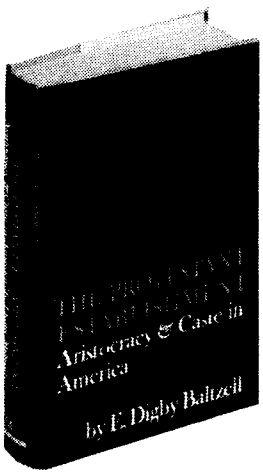

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which might be labeled "the infection of the satirist," in which the scourge of villainy himself ends by partaking of something of the lunacy and corruption of the world he exposes. And Böll, in choosing a clown as his hero, has taken up yet once more our century's distinctive satiric persons (we need think only of Chaplin, or Picasso, or Stravinsky).

At the conclusion of the novel Schnier, penniless and in half-mad desperation, dons his white make-up and goes to the railroad station, where, guitar in hand and hat set out for contributions, he sings doggerel verses about "poor Pope John" and waits impossibly for the return of Marie. The time is Fasching, the carnival of misrule which precedes Lent, and he is surrounded by figures as masked as he himself is. But Fasching, with its origins in the seasonal rituals of pre-Christian northern Europe, is an earnest of the return of spring. If society offers no vision of good, there remains the capacity for love within the individual – not only in Schnier's unreasoning belief in Marie's return, but also in his hopeless love for the very humanity he denounces. As the clown phrases it, in language almost worthy of Swift, "I would weep even at the grave of my mother."

Böll is, of course, not Swift. At times his protagonist displays an innocence, a soft-headedness, and a sweetness rather suggestive of Holden Caulfield. And the novel betrays a certain confusion between the manner of realistic fiction and the non-realistic, extravagantly hyperbolic manner of traditional satire. In these respects it fails to sustain its tone as consistently as some of Böll's shorter satires – the brilliant and biting "Christmas Every Day," for example, or a few of the other stories, most of them thus far untranslated, collected in *Doktor Murkes Gesammeltes Schweigen.* But these are mild reservations about a book which is as impressive in its intensity of feeling as in its smooth mastery of tone. Leila Vennewitz's translation is idiomatic and natural, but one could wish she had not compelled such a distinguished stylist as Böll to use "like" for "as" in his English metamorphosis.

If one is determined to place this admirable book in a narrowly contempo-

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rary context, it seems to me that critical head-shakings about the spiritual condition of modern Germany are scarcely indicated. A vigorous culture produces its own criticism of itself, and the nature of that criticism is inevitably instructive. Böll's astringent satire in *The Clown*, so different from the tragic and nihilistic satire of Brecht's 1930 *Mahagonny*, reflects a society once more in full contact with its historical traditions – traditions which have included, at least since Horace and Juvenal, the capacity for delivering healthy blasts against the ubiquitous vices of mankind.

Apotheosis of the Stuffed Shirt

by Gerald W. Johnson

Perhaps an Englishman, or a product of some other non-American culture, can do evenhanded justice, as no native can, to the Apotheosis of the Stuffed Shirt; but a doubt lingers that Mr. Sinclair is the man. His technical performance is excellent; his scholarship, diligence, style, and impartiality are beyond any but carping criticism, and his central thesis, that Harding was a myth-breaker, is interesting and not without plausibility. His defect is a certain misapprehension of the typical American response to the irony of history. As a defect it is not glaring, but it reduces to the level of a competent study what might have been a sardonic masterpiece.

The Available Man
Warren Gamaliel Harding
by Andrew Sinclair
(Macmillan; $6.95)

Mr. Sinclair's misapprehension of the American attitude is evidenced by the labor he spends on proving that Harding was a smoothly successful politician, that none of the Ohio Gang's graft went into his pocket, that he was genuinely horrified when he discovered part of the prevailing corruption, for it had been his aspiration to give the country a good Administration. But all that is common knowledge; and all of it is quite irrelevant.

The relevant fact about Harding was stated in a classic comment that Mr. Sinclair omits. It was Jim Watson's remark shortly after the nomination, "Warren lacks mentality," made with a nonchalance showing that to strong Harding supporters this was a trivial blemish on an otherwise perfect image. As things stood at the time, Watson was right on both counts – the candidate did lack mentality and, for purposes of political campaigning, the lack was a triviality.

As radio's Senator Claghorn was wont to remark, "Son, that's a joke." It is an extremely bawdy joke, no doubt, and basically unfunny; but a jest it is, and it permeates the American attitude toward the 29th President. Hence any study of the man that lacks this peculiar wry humor will strike Americans as somewhat unrealistic.

If it be objected that this is not Harding, it is the contemporary attitude toward Harding, the answer is that no study that ignores the contemporary attitude toward the subject will be entirely convincing. Mr. Sinclair argues plausibly that Harding punctured various myths, such as the superior virtue of the small town as compared to the city, the basic wisdom of the yokel, and the rags-to-riches idyll. But he fails to emphasize the process. Harding did to these myths what Don Quixote did to chivalry, what Chauvin did to patriotism, what Hitler did to the Master Race – he blew them up by reducing them to burlesque. The element of humor is not merely present, it is of the essence of the process.

Mr. Sinclair is much too astute to be an absolutist. He does not claim that Harding destroyed these myths. They will not be extirpated until the American population is more thoroughly urbanized, that is to say, until the generation that came to the city from a small-town or urban environment is succeeded by one that has never known anything but the sidewalks of New York; and this may not occur for another decade.

It would be unfair to close a review of the book without mention of one inspired phrase in its last chapter. It describes the memorial to Harding erected at Marion, Ohio, as "large, and noble, and hollow-centered." Coupled with Jim Watson's remark it makes the perfect capsule biography of Warren Gamaliel Harding.

Harding Inaugurated

Ephraim feedeth on wind.
– Hosea, XII: 1.

Even President Harding, who believes in getting together and talking things over and fixing things up, has his adamant side. His campaign speeches revealed certain convictions as to which there was no variableness in him, neither shadow of turning. His inaugural address, which has had almost as many readers as commentators, deepens the impression made last summer. Consultation is good, discussion and adjustment are good, but only in a restricted field. Even were the best minds unanimous, which they seldom are, and unanimously against him, which they are not yet, they could not shake his faith. With his whole heart he believes that . . . "our supreme task is the resumption of our onward normal way," that "pride in things wrought is no reflex of the completed task," that "there is a public mandate in manifest understanding," that "in understanding, in mutuality of interest, in concern for the common good, our tasks will be solved." . . . Why not acknowledge now, instead of later, that to expect much from the author of this Inaugural is to be as unwisely optimistic about President Harding as President Harding is about the whole world?

The New Republic, March 16, 1921

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The Politics of Avoiding Politics

by Andrew Kopkind

There is a point at which a private rebel becomes a public revolutionist. Never discernible at the moment, it is seen from the perspective of years as the time when the rebel's best friends turned and ran. Most often, the friends have no choice. In December, 1963, the folksinger Bob Dylan came to the Grand Ballroom of the Americana Hotel in New York to receive the annual

Seeds of Liberation
Edited by Paul Goodman
(George Braziller; $7.50)

Tom Paine Award of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. He arrived to pick up his trophy in characteristic blue jeans and a record-jacket scowl. He glanced over the crowd of successful freedom fighters of another generation, belted down a few quick drinks, and froze.

"I looked down . . . and saw a bunch of people who had nothing to do with my kind of politics," Dylan said later. "They were supposed to be on my side, but I didn't feel any connection with them. Here were these people who'd been all involved with the Left in the thirties, and now they were supporting civil rights drives. When I got up to make my speech . . . I had to say something about Lee Oswald. I told them I'd read a lot of his feelings in the papers, and I knew he was up tight . . . I saw a lot of myself in Oswald, I said, and I saw in him a lot of the times we're all living. . . . And then I started talking about friends of mine in Harlem – some of them junkies, all of them poor. And I said they need freedom as much as anybody else, and what's anybody doing for *them*?" The emergency civil libertarians began to boo, and Dylan, as they say, cut out with his award.

If it was a scene less noble than the storming of the Bastille, or the Decree of Land and Peace, Dylan's shocker was just as characteristic of the revolution of which it is now a legendary part. For those who want to know what it's all about, *Seeds of Liberation* is a convenient, if necessarily incomplete guide. Its four dozen articles and poems are culled from the monthly magazine, *Liberation*, and are of course limited to its contributors. Some of the big names of the revolution are missing; Dylan is not represented (although Nat Hentoff, who in another journal reported the quoted version of the Americana episode, is), and the Berkeley affair, which is the revolt's fullest flower so far, is too recent for inclusion. The best pieces are very subjective accounts of acts of defiance, approaching social analysis in the first person singular. It is that kind of revolution: having despaired of the possibility of meaningful institutional reform, the revolutionists of this decade choose a kind of anarchy, or to use the operative term of their own rhetoric, liberation. It is a revolution in standards of personal behavior, not in economic or political systems. In their "Tract for the Times," a manifesto announcing the purposes of *Liberation* in 1956, the editors said:

> "We do not conceive the problem of revolution or the building of a better society as one of accumulating power, whether by legislative or other methods, to 'capture the State,' and then, presumably, to transform society and human beings as well. The national, sovereign, militarized and bureaucratic State and a bureaucratized collectivist economy are themselves evils to be avoided or abolished. . . . It is the transformation of society by human decision and action that we seek."

This is the politics of avoiding politics; its practitioners opt out of the political world like Zen priests from the material, there is something Zenny about the revolution. The volume is full of first-person accounts of non-violent demonstrations, some so stubbornly self-immolating as to suggest violence almost as a relief. Jules Rabin and Karl Meyer describe their San Francisco to Moscow Walk (to seek an end to nuclear war) in the way a Bodhisattva might have reported his endless vigil, cross-legged, before a blank wall. God knows what good it all does, although Rabin is optimistic: "Here are we, thirty people without any direct connection with the standard sources of power in today's world, and we have been able to make a difference." But his companion, Meyer, despairs: "How

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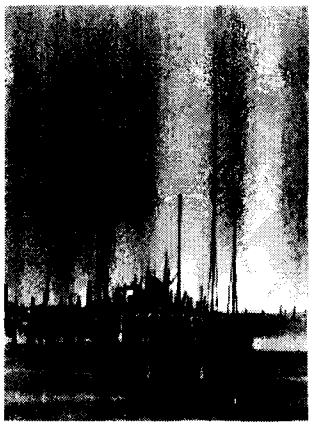

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could we hope to reach [the Russians] with our message, when we haven't even reached our own souls through the fat layers of our American existence. . . . We sowed the wind and we reaped the wind."

Only occasionally is there a suggestion of humor in all the existential gloom. Juanita Nelson contributes a delightful description of her arrest for non-payment of income tax. The most important matter at the moment of her incarceration was the condition of the Sears-Roebuck muu-muu she was wearing, not the noble principle of sabotage of the national defense budget (*Liberation* must at times appear to the Internal Revenue Service to be a Guide on How Not to Fill Out Your Income Tax Return). For the most part, the *Liberation* seedlings are not amused by the human condition. David McReynolds aptly quotes Brecht:

"He who laughs
Has not yet heard
The terrible tidings."

There is no margin for chuckles.

Juanita Nelson, like Dylan (and, for another, Mario Savio), has passed beyond private rebellion to a subtle form of collective revolution. She means for others to follow her protest, although not many will. Most of those who abominate the Bomb, who swoon at the thought of a $50 billion annual arms expenditure, who support negotiations in Geneva and vote for peace-loving politicians, turn and run when Mrs. Nelson shows up in the custody of the T-Men. Nor do they follow Albert S. Bigelow into the Pacific Test Bomb Area ("I am going because I have to – if I am to call myself a human being"). But to want freedom is not to give $10 to SANE or to be nice to the colored maid; it is, as Bayard Rustin, an editor of *Liberation*, writes, "to demand freedom and to be ready to die for it." Dave Dellinger, another of the editors and a well-represented contributor to this anthology, has a similar dictum: "No man should advocate a war he is not prepared to risk being the first to die in."

All this talk about dying has its significance for the revolution. If traditional politics is futile, human life remains the most potent weapon with which to effect change. As the last resort, the warm bodies of men and women are interposed between tyranny and liberation. The revolutionists must rely on the sentimentality, as well as the sensibilities of the rest of mankind to pull up short of murder. Many of the contributors have served time in jails, for one reason or another. The older ones (including Dellinger and Rustin) were Conscientous Objectors during World War II, and *Liberation* has a marked CO bent. The younger ones spend most of their time in and out of southern pokeys in consequence of non-violent civil rights demonstrations. They seem to enjoy the togetherness of their revolution, which contrasts with its ideological individualism. But anarchy has always had strong group tendencies; anarchic movements, as the Berkeley Free Speechers discovered, can only succeed with pressure from tightly organized, carefully administered phalanxes.

War and racial injustice are the twin objects of *Liberation's* confrontation, because both deny men that freedom of the spirit which is presumed to be natural to the human race. But the springs of revolutionary effort are, in the editors' words, "boredom, authoritarianism and other evils of modern times." At bottom the New Revolution has very familiar roots. All revolts of the past hundred years or so have grown from a fundamental distaste for industrialized (and now automated) society, and its effect on the "victims." "I am sick of my culture," moans Arnold Sachar, a young contributor to this volume. His malady is endemic, and among his fellow-sufferers there are many in history who have attempted radical cures. Auschwitz and OGPU were two ways of dealing with the 20th Century. But these revolutionists suggest no such drastic solutions. "They protest segregation and testing and the hollowness of their parents," Hentoff writes, "but they cannot yet say what they are for, what new society they desire. They are only *against*, but that at least is a beginning."

There are many, though, who are *for* things (peace, equality) but have no practical program for achieving them,

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outside of isolated demonstrations of non-violence, long walks, and acts of personal sacrifice. They are post-Beat; they care. If it has nothing else, the revolution has a heart. There is coincidentally a great deal of hope for a "change of heart" in others, a sentiment reminiscent of Senator Goldwater's approach to political and social problems. Indeed, there is some evidence that the activists of the Goldwater camp – the frustrated, anxious middle class technicians of the Southwest, for one group – are not-too-distant cousins of Paul Goodman's bunch. *The National Review* is a kind of Poujadist *Liberation*. Both of these journals are fighting the Establishment (whatever that is), centralization, apathy, and moral decline.

Seeds of Liberation is concerned with only part of this broad and uncongealed revolution. With only a few exceptions (Hentoff, James Baldwin, Larry Lipton and some of the other poets), its contributors speak for the square wing of the party. The hip wing, which is just as important (but so pervasively scatological that anthologies of its expression are not likely to be published) reads *The Realist* instead of *Liberation*, and has a literary rather than a political cast of mind. Of course, even that attitude turns out to be anti-literary, just as their colleagues are anti-politics. The hip side, too, has a sense of (gallows) humor.

As usual, Paul Goodman doesn't know where to stop. There is some digression and too much repetition in this collection. Gordon Christiansen's careful scientific analysis of fallout and civil defense is interesting, but for another book. There is too much theorizing on the efficacy of non-violence, not to mention its techniques, and some backing and filling on civil rights strategy for yesteryear's campaigns. The most telling points are made not by manifestoes but by monologues: Dave Dellinger's engrossing piece of reportage from Cuba, Barbara Deming's delicate chronicle of an integrated peace march through Tennessee, and Hentoff's instructive profile of Lenny Bruce, that Black Prince of the Revolution. "They are their lives, and the real is in them," Kenneth Patchen says; the liberators tell their own stories best.

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ART

The Twenty-ninth Corcoran Biennial

Even in the new math, one hopes, 29 times 2 equals 58, which means that the Corcoran Biennial exhibition of contemporary American painting, now in Washington, is that old and therefore reflects in its history the history of the entire revolutionary period of its subject. To make things easier, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth show, the Corcoran Gallery added to the exhibition a selection of biennial art in times gone by. This introspective-retrospective was an astonishing display of institutional humility, making it clear that the gallery had followed pretty closely a pattern of just missing every boat at the dock. The show juxtaposed paintings by people who have survived the flux of taste with paintings that won the top prizes in the same years and of whom you have probably never heard outside an art history course.

Under the law of overcompensation, the Corcoran for its Twenty-ninth Biennial has gone the other way. If the show were taken as an accurate sampling of contemporary American painting, you'd have to conclude that the majority of American painters are intensely interested in Op Art, that Pop Art is fading fast from its recent dominance, and that abstract expressionism finally has kicked the bucket. Actually, all three of these propositions can only be discussed under the general heading of fashion, or vogue, or what silly new-rich people are forced to take up to outflank silly less-new-rich people. Art has nothing to do with any of the three propositions, nor does any of them come close to describing the situation of contemporary painting in the United States.

As if in recognition of the 180 degree change in American institutional attitudes toward American painting, the Corcoran this year has abandoned the former effort to be inclusive. It now has 30 painters, each represented by from two to five paintings and all selected by the staff, mostly from New York galleries, plus 15 paintings selected by a jury of three other museum directors from about 90 paintings sent in at the invitation of the staff after reviewing about 3,000 color slides sent in by painters responding to a broadside invitation. Hence, the show becomes a rather special view and not at all the general one it may once have attempted to be.

The Op works are so uniformly big, simple and bright that they create the effect of dominance. This tends to make you see related works as Op even if, in the game of categories played by instant art historians, the works are really hard edge or even Pop; thus a year or so ago Robert Indiana, the master of the stenciled sign, was universally considered Pop, chiefly because the stencils he used said things like EAT, the same as the signs over cheap restaurants; in the Corcoran he seems Op because he only uses two colors and the edges are clearly defined. The only pure Pop in the show is Roy Lichtenstein, with one of those three-panel blow-ups of comic book illustrations he does so well, Benday dots and all. He looks ridiculous in a non-Pop context, but then, he always did, even in a Pop context. Much the same applies to poor old Conrad Marca-Relli, alone and defenseless on a field where he was once only one of the crowd. When abstract expressionism was the thing for the silly rich, Marca-Relli used to give them the shivering ecstacies by pasting scraps of white canvas together with a thick impasto of black, letting the flaps flop where they would. In a new effort to create an art that will endure, he is now following much the same pattern but with sheets of steel instead of can-

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vas and without the black impasto.

The Op itself is hardly worth discussion except as sociology or pathology and we've covered that. The small quiet work of Josef Albers throws the whole effort into proper perspective, since it derives chiefly from classroom exercises he has administered for decades. Albers himself survives the Op vogue, as Hans Hofmann, and for that matter Monet, survive abstract expressionism. American painting, if it comes to that, even in the Corcoran's fashion round-up, easily survives all three of the recent last cries.

Among the painters given the larger view in the show, for instance, are Rattner, Burchfield, Jimmy Ernst, John Hultberg, Elmer Bischoff, Morris Broderson, Lennaert Anderson, Gyorgi Kepes, Richard Lindner, Ben Kamihira and George L. K. Morris. Such serious, complex artists provide a solid core of quality for the show and they also illustrate the immense variety of the current scene. Rattner and Burchfield both are working in a new richness of color and depth, but all of these painters look monumental compared to the swirl of Op around them.

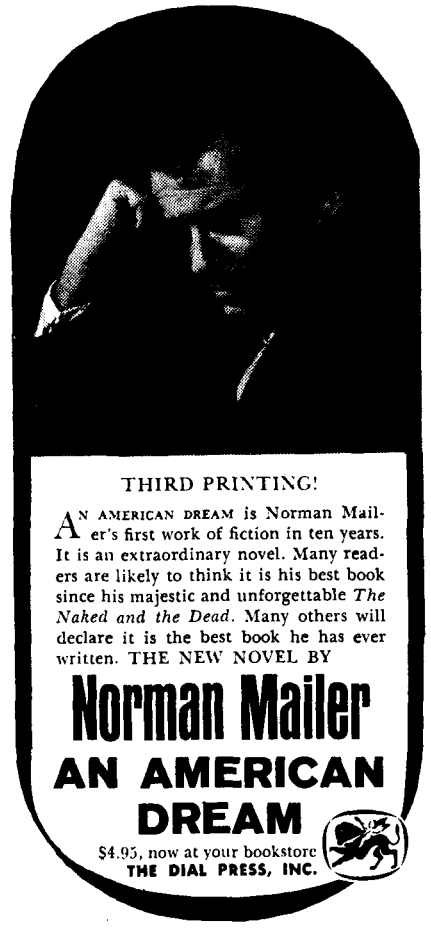
If the show as a whole, with its insistence on Op, burlesques the New York fashion world it reflects, the jury followed suit in handing over the Gold Medal and two grand to Robert Rauschenberg for the curiously titled "Axle," an enormous, flabby, pointless painting consisting of four ill-joined panels covering about 30 feet and filled with random stencilings and washes of murky paint. In the murk may be distinguished photo-reproductions of an old master or two, of rocket-launchings, of schematic diagrams of some kind, of the Statue of Liberty and of President Kennedy, twice. The prize picture admirably maintains the ancient Corcoran tradition of awarding gold medals to painters of strong current vogue and of no discernible intrinsic merit whatsoever.

In the other half of its work, choosing the 15 paintings from the submissions, the jury also broke with the Op-tone of the main show. There isn't an Op picture in the group. Hiram Williams is doubtless the best known of the single-shots in the show; his large "Scuttling Theologian" presents the subject from above, all arms and legs in motion so that the image is of a clerically-black crab in movement, a very nice comment on this century's recurring art interest in motion or the double-view, and on contemporary theological developments. Jack Perlmutter is one of the strongest and most original painters in the show but is quietly so in a beautifully painted abstraction of a revolving door with its people coming and going all in fragments of color held by fragments of straight lines. Over the last few years Perlmutter has perfected a vision of the American city and of American city people that is extraordinarily successful in summoning up the time and the place and the mood.

Within the vast wasteland of Op itself at the Corcoran there are a couple of artists who have managed to make something more than classroom exercises out of the stuff. Richard Anuskiewicz is one; the colors are so exquisitely chosen and so patiently repeated with slight variations over such large areas that the shimmer becomes something more than a mere trick; it's rather like juggling, I suppose: it is, God knows, a low level art, yet if the juggler is clever enough and becomes elaborate enough, his act passes on to a somewhat higher category; more of our mind responds to what he's doing. In most Op there is hardly any intellectual response called for, let alone given. The other Opper who gets beyond the dazzle is Henry Pearson, who paints in the general style of a map-maker specializing in contour lines. The black lines against, for instance, bright yellow, have something of the authentic Op hallucinatory shakes, but they also suggest a passage of desert landscape against which the shakes themselves seem like those visible heat waves of hot climates.

One of the great pleasures in any big show is the discovery of someone you haven't noticed before and for me at the Twenty-ninth Biennial the man is Robert Birmelin. His work, too, is optical illusion of a sort, but the sort is completely different from that of Op. He paints people and the focus changes from area to area without any loss of continuity. Thus, "Underpass" presents a small group of people within and emerging from the structure of the title, with a tall girl as central figure; her face is split with most of it seen close and big, the rest of it seen, as is her body, smaller and middle distant. "Interior-Exterior" more spectacularly performs this kind of instantaneous change between a nondescript living-room and the city street outside it, so that a man sitting in the room is also seen approaching the building and this is managed without anything like the early Renaissance repetition of simply the same figure. It's an eerie effect and one completely mastered by its creator. Certainly it reflects our common visual experience: we do see people like that as we walk, first a middle distance, blurred, comprehensive view, then a close-up of one detail or another, usually the face. But Birmelin brings his expert handling well beyond the merely successful representation of visual experience to a penetrating, immensely sympathetic notation on lonely people trying to see one another.

FRANK GETLEIN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FILMS

Round-up Time

The Love Goddesses ought to have been called *The Sex Goddesses*, and the need to alter the title is a considerable clue to the social ambience of its subject matter. Saul J. Turell and Graeme Ferguson have assembled numerous bits and sequences, mostly from American films, from the beginning almost to the present, to show the history of sexual daydreams and, in parallel, that of censorship. The compilation is brightly edited, never tedious, and rarely sexy. The nudity, the double meanings, the seductions are generally more amusing than provocative. The bare bosoms of yesteryear seem to induce more veneration than venery. As we undulate from Theda Bara and Louise Glaum to Brigitte Helm and Brigitte Bardot and on to the Olympian peaks of Sophia Loren, the commentary adduces sociological theories that are much thinner than the ladies. One is better off with one's own reflections. A chief one of my own is that a contemporary lady fully clothed is usually more attractive than a nude twenties beauty with frizzed hair and stencilled Cupid's-bow mouth. There is an odd pleasure in being able to smile at former *femmes fatales*. Possibly it is pure male vindictiveness, relishing the chance to be amused at a woman who was once thought to be irresistible.

The Love Goddesses
(Walter Reade-Sterling)

The Train (United Artists)

One Way Pendulum (Lopert)

The Rounders (MGM)

The Sound of Music
(20th Century-Fox)

Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte
(20th Century-Fox)

The Train is another of those epics that start grimly, with an atmosphere of maturity and tension, and end as phony, corny chase movies. It was made in France, takes place in the closing days of the Second World War, and deals with the attempts of a German colonel to get a trainload of precious French paintings to Germany before the liberating Allies arrive. The colonel is that recurrent cultivated anti-Nazi, here embodied – but just perceptibly – by Paul Scofield. A resistance group of French railroad workers determines to stop him, and the account, which begins excitingly but gets increasingly ridiculous, ends with the train being stopped singlehandedly by the head of the group, Burt Lancaster, the well-known acrobat. John Frankenheimer has directed with an envious eye on the weedy laurels of Sidney Lumet. Several excellent French actors help to demonstrate that, even at its best, dubbing is for the ignorant and tasteless. How can anyone who knows Michel Simon's voice be satisfied with the appended American tough-guy voice? There is one good scene between Lancaster and Jeanne Moreau, an embittered hotelkeeper, that implies quite a lot about her; but, sure enough, Lancaster later returns to the hotel and all the implications are laboriously spelled in capitals, like a small child writing with his tongue between his teeth. As for the main action of *The Train*, it is tediously drawn out by a long string of loco motives.

One Way Pendulum was a moderately amusing surrealist English farce by N. F. Simpson, but the film made from it is a peerless example of the wrong way to put such a play on the screen. The photography is by Denys Coop who has made several good social-realist films and who has made this one the same way, so that, from the opening frame, everything is sharp and naturalistic, exactly the wrong texture for this work – as if a Chagall subject were done in pop art style. The leading actors are Eric Sykes and Alison Leggatt, the second of whom has shown gifts in drama, but neither shows the slightest ability for comedy, particularly "absurd" farce. The basic trouble is that the director, Peter Yates, has no

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glimmer that the idea of the piece is to tilt reality sideways and to distort veristic detail into ludicrous abstraction. His general approach, in tempo and vision, is as if he were making a somewhat comic *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. Jonathan Miller plays the purely pantomime part of the son of the family who conducts a chorus of Speak-Your-Weight machines in the attic, but whatever he might have contributed of a loony touch is crushed by Yates. I am not convinced that the original play is consistently funny, but I am convinced that it has fallen into the wrong film hands.

The Rounders is a Western that might have been legitimate but did not quite dare. It purports to show the life of contemporary cowboys. Glenn Ford and Henry Fonda are two horse wranglers who travel from job to job in a battered pick-up truck, and much of the film, directed by Burt Kennedy, depicts vividly their underpaid, lonely, yet somehow attractive life with animals in immense spaces. But the producers have clearly been afraid that a Western could be too true to be popular, so they have inserted some silly sexy sequences, to interest girls, and some outrageously crude trick shots of a horse, to interest youngsters. I think they underestimate girls and children. Certainly they have marred what is otherwise an enjoyable picture.

Is there a special heaven for film critics? I feel confident of it, after enduring all of *The Sound of Music*. At that, heaven is small enough compensation for sitting through this Rodgers and Hammerstein atrocity, so studiously saccharine that one feels that one has tumbled into the hold of a tanker bringing molasses from the Caribbean. Robert Wise, who co-directed *West Side Story*, opens this film with the same device, a helicopter shot: only instead of zooming down on the Jets in Manhattan, we plop on to Julie Andrews, in a mountain-top meadow, singing. The story is about a postulant in prewar Salzburg, sent to be a nursemaid to the seven children of the widower Captain von Trapp, how she melts his hardened heart, how he marries her, and how, when the Nazis come, they flee to become the famous

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Trapp Family Singers. Miss Andrews is rapidly becoming the most revoltingly refreshing actress in films. Christopher Plummer, as von Trapp, looked almost as bored as I felt. More credit to him. The songs are sickening, and, though it was made in color and Todd-AO in Austria, the picture manages to turn the Alps into sugar loaves.

The success of a Bette Davis-Joan Crawford shocker called *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* has brought forth a successor, *Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte,* in this new tradition of what we may call Petite Guignol. Miss Davis is again on hand – on every hand. Miss Crawford was taken sick, we are told, and was replaced by Olivia De Havilland, which provides a good example of a distinction without a difference. It all takes place in a murky Louisiana manse, begins with a false lover being rebuked with a meat cleaver, and goes down from there. The director, Robert Aldrich, is evidently an earnest student of Henri-Georges Clouzot, especially *Les Diaboliques.* To enjoy this flaccid grotesque, one needs intense devotion to that lately hailed sensibility, "camp." Others will decamp.

Stanley Kauffmann

Correspondence

What the AMA Really Fears

Sirs:

I feel impelled to reply to the attacks made on William P. Keim's article on the National Health Service ("What the AMA Really Fears," February 13) by four American doctors in your issue of March 6.

I have spent two and a half years in this country as a graduate student in political science, and shall shortly be returning to the United Kingdom. My view is accordingly that of the layman, but I feel, unlike Dr. Starr, that this need not render it completely invalid.

First I should like to deal with certain specific points raised in your correspondents' letters.

1. The $130 a year paid by the British family does not merely buy the services of the general practitioner, but covers all medical services, including hospitalization, specialists', surgeons', dentists' and opticians' fees, the cost of drugs, etc., as well as all the benefits of the National Insurance Scheme, including family allowances, unemployment benefits, national assistance, old age pensions, etc. In fact, only a very small part of the $130 goes to finance the National Health Service, the major source of revenue for which is the normal system of taxation.

2. I believe that the average general practitioner in the United Kingdom has some 2,300 patients, not "thousands" as suggested by Dr. Covell.

3. The general practitioner's average income of $168 per week may seem small in the light of American salaries, but it is over four times the national average, and considerably higher than that of members of other professions, *e.g.*, university teachers, who have a similarly long period of training. It must also be remembered that a British doctor can graduate MB, ChB at the age of 23 or 24, having been supported while at university on state grants. His privations in achieving that status cannot, therefore, be regarded as too overwhelming.

4. From a purely personal viewpoint, I feel that Dr. Covell greatly misjudges the British general practitioner when he suggests that socialized medicine results in impersonal, hurried medical service. I have lived in several towns in the United Kingdom since the inception of the National Health Service, and that has certainly not been my experience. In every case, the care and attention which I have received has been at least the equal of that with which I have met in the United States. I also believe that many doctors are greatly relieved to be able to prescribe the treatment which they consider to be necessary in each case without ref-

Notes on Contributors

Frank J. Warnke *is on the English faculty of the University of Washington.*

•

Robert Brustein, *drama critic of* The New Republic, *has just received the George Polk Memorial Award for Outstanding Criticism from Long Island University.*

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erence to whether or not it will be within the patient's means.

5. Dr. Galman states that two-thirds of British physicians leave the country on graduation. I am surprised that this figure did not strike him as being wildly improbable. In its issue of February 6, 1965, the British Medical Journal quotes the Ministry of Health figures for 1962. These show that 1,631 "British-based" doctors graduated from United Kingdom universities, and that the number of "British-based" doctors (out of a total of over 40,000) who emigrated, was about 400, of whom some would return to practice in the United Kingdom after post-graduate experience abroad.

6. The American doctor could profitably read the British Medical Journal's editorial of December 26, 1964, "Current Frustrations in General Practice," which treats this subject in a very unbiased manner. It underlines the fact that discontent is not mainly over pay, but over terms and conditions of service. The problem here is still largely the result of the dilapidation and disorganization of the pre-1948 system, on which the National Health Service had to be imposed, and of loyalties, however irrational, to the old system, which stood in the way of smooth and efficient reorganization. Progress has inevitably been slow, and the BMJ editorial recognizes that any speedy solution to the problem is impossible. What is needed on both sides, professional and governmental, is a positive approach to negotiating improvement.

When we look at the National Health Service from the viewpoint of the average Britisher, it has certainly done more than any other postwar legislation to increase his mental and physical well-being. As Aneurin Bevan pointed out, "much sickness and often permanent disability arise from failure to take early action, and this in its turn is due to high costs and the fear of the effects of heavy bills on the family." "The essence of a satisfactory health service is that the rich and the poor are treated alike, that poverty is not a disability, and wealth is not advantaged." In the United States, wealth is very much an advantage, as the figures for visits made to doctors by families of different income groups clearly show. Unlike the United Kingdom, many families in the lower-income groups in the United States do not have a family doctor. The means to adequate health maintenance have, in fact, been priced beyond their reach.

From personal experience I can point out just how worrying to the British student contemplating graduate studies in the United States is the bogey of crippling medical expenses. As a Fulbright grantee, I am covered against almost all such expenses by the United States government. My wife, however, is not included in this coverage, and, although she participates in three group insurance schemes, any major illness on her part would, after insurance payments had been made, almost inevitably leave due sums greatly exceeding our capacity to pay. It will accordingly be with considerable relief on this score that we return home.

This brings me to my final point, that private insurance schemes cannot possibly provide the community with the health service which it needs – a comprehensive service for the prevention and cure of disease and disability, freely available to all, irrespective of income, race, class or any other such criterion. Insurance companies are in business to make money, and any attempt to achieve the government-subsidized, non-profit insurance scheme run by such companies, as suggested by Dr. Covell, would inevitably fail, just as it did when introduced in the United Kingdom by Lloyd George in 1912. Any scheme providing limited benefits, varying in accordance with the members' contributions, cannot fail to be discriminatory in favor of the rich. In addition, private insurance companies tend invariably to give the least adequate coverage to those needing the most comprehensive medical services – that is, to the chronically sick, the "bad risks."

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whole populace, as in the United Kingdom, under which no one need feel a second-class citizen as far as the availability of medical facilities is concerned. Its administration would be a matter to be worked out between the medical profession and the United States government, and need not imitate slavishly the National Health Service, though the latter can offer many pointers and merits a more detailed examination than most American doctors seem to be prepared to give it. At present the United States lags far behind other advanced nations in ensuring the provision of adequate medical attention for all its citizens, and Medicare will be only a very inadequate step toward redressing the balance. It is to be hoped that further positive steps will not be too long delayed.

Alexander L. Reid
New Haven, Connecticut

Rescuing the Aid Program

Sirs:

Isaiah Frank's recommendation (January 23) that the economic aid program be "rescued" by transferring its development loan component to the International Development Association mars his otherwise admirable refutation of the chief current criticisms of AID programs. By suggesting that such a transfer would somehow solve or calm down the recurrent Congressional imbroglio, Frank fosters a superficially attractive illusion and thereby diverts attention from a real problem.

For development assistance, there is no place to hide. A simple but important truth is that all development spending by the US Government must be budgeted and appropriated at some time or other. Another verity, it seems to me, which all advocates of development assistance would be prudent to recognize, is that there will always be powerful elements in the Congress either opposed to or indifferent to the use of Federal funds for such a purpose. There will be others who see in aid cuts their only recurrent opportunity to attack some aspect, however remotely connected with aid, of US foreign policy. These elements have had little difficulty in the past in ferreting out aid no matter what rock it is hidden beneath. There is no reason to expect that they will be less successful in the future.

Your readers may be attracted to Mr. Frank's suggestion because of the relative ease with which Congressional support for international aid organizations seems to have been elicited in the past. However, certain significant differences in the form and amount of financing have distinguished such legislation from appropriations for bilateral aid. For example, support of the World Bank and the "hard" loan window of the Inter-American Bank has involved little spending by our government. The US has largely guaranteed, up to specified amounts, obligations incurred by these institutions on the world money markets. There has been no need to make good on these guarantees and no one seriously expects that such a need will ever arise. The preference of any Congressman for such an arrangement over one which spends budgeted funds is understandable.

On the other hand, real spending has been authorized to support IDA, the

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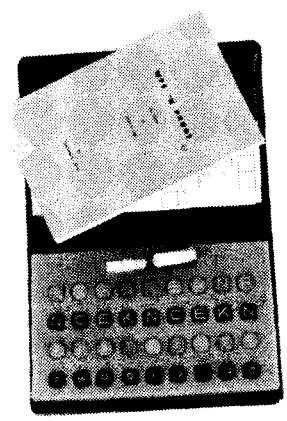

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UN Special Fund and the Inter-American Bank's "soft" loan window. The amounts legislated, however, singly and together, have been tiny in any one year compared to what development loan funds have been and should be in the next few years. The recent IDB authorization, at $250 million per year, is the largest yet, but it can be said to have profited from the special status Congress has tended to accord Latin America since the rise of Castro.

Even so, such appropriations have trod their own rocky road. Frank's reminder that last year's IDA appropriation suffered a close squeeze should not be forgotten. Nor should we ignore the strong Congressional aversion – a correct one, it seems to me – to any contribution which makes the US share of an international organization's financing so large as to rob it of its international character.

My difference with Frank is not over the merits of IDA as an effective dispenser of development assistance. I only wish to emphasize that resort to his strategem will confront but not ameliorate a domestic political problem. Development aid must be sold as development aid, regardless of the channel through which it is passed. A transfer to IDA will require no less a feat of Presidential leadership than will getting this year's aid bill through the Congress. And the demands on such leadership are likely to mount in the next few years as development assistance needs, it seems to me, rise sharply.

Lester E. Gordon
Harvard University

Now at the Center for International Affairs at Harvard, Mr. Gordon has been Deputy Assistant Administrator for Program at the Agency for International Development and Assistant Managing Director for Planning and Economics at the Development Loan Fund. – THE EDITORS.

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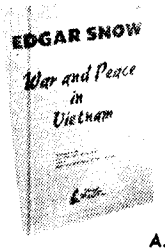

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